IN SOUTH GEORGIA. The Work of a Former Slave Who Began With Twelve Acres and an Axe and Now Has a Thriving Plantation of 200 Acres and Thirty-six Grandchildren.

POULAN, Ga., July 16 .- He who drives from Albany to this place by way of Parkerville, through the pine forest and between ripening fleids of cotton and corn, is sure to make the acquaintance of Warrior Creek, which is not a long stream nor a remarkably large one, but crooked. In the few miles of its course it runs toward every point of the compass, and the road crosses and recresses it till the traveller begins to think the whole of Worth county is traversed by Warrior Creek, to be crossed sometimes on strong timber bridges, sometimes by deep fords, and occasionally to be avoided by long detours. Warrior Creek flows into Indian Creek, Indian into the Withlacoochee River, and the Withlacooches into the Gulf of Mexico by way of the Suwanee River. If one could take a boat here and float lazlly down to the Gulf, he would find hardly a mile of the whole course unshaded by oaks and cypress trees, and any moment he might stop and pick wild flowers on the banks.

Before Warrior Creek begins to attract his attention the stranger has something to think about in the old-fashioned Georgia towns and the gradually changing character of the country. Not that the country changes in its natural features, but in the way it is treated. As the buggy leaves Dougherty county behind and advances toward the centre of Worth, the planters encountered by the way (every one of whom reins in his horse and stops for a chat), no longer talk about long and short staple, gir houses, smoke houses, corn, pork, big plantations, and other such things that are the alsorbing topics in Brooks and Thomas and Colguitt. Here, too, they raise corn and cotton to some extent, but not to the exclusion of everything else. Here they talk more about "the intensive system," as it is called, and diversified crops, and the best season to bud a cherry tree or cut back a guava. The intensive system has a formidable sound at first, but it proves to be nothing more than what in the North we call good farming, applying plenty of manure and keeping the fence corners clean, to make every foot of land produce all it is capable of. It seems, from what a etranger hears at random, that this style of farming was unknown in the South a few years ago. The old way to increase a crop was to increase the acreage. The old-fashioned Georgia towns, excepting

The old-fashioned Georgia towns, excepting a few of the larger places like Bainbridge, come always upon the travelling strager by accident, and are no part of the programme. The new towns are the show places—towns built up within the last few years by Northern capital and Northern people—and the kindly Georgian who takes a stranger in hand and guides him over the south Georgia roads naturally looks upon these as the places best worth seeing, the painted and lawn-moved evidences of the State's improvement, ignoring the sleepy old places that have a crust of moss or a bit of history about them. It is only when the road turns suddenly into one of these old places and the horse store under a huse live cak to drink from a trough hollowed out of a log that they are seen or heard of. But Georgia is full of such places, esttlements that were old when the planters were voting for Gen. Jackson, every one with its grocery and blacksmith show, its rows of cabins, little churches and schoolhouse, and two or three dwellings that show some signs of comfort. It was in ideorgia as it was in every other Southern State in old times; the people of wealth lived on their own plantations in the country, and the little settlements were inhabited by those whose purses would permit nothing better. The lively city and the deep country were the two places that attracted the ancient Southerner of wealth; he had no tasts for the quiet village.

After Warrior Creek had been crossed and forded and avoided half a score of times the Judge promised that Poulan should be reached within the hour; and his promise would have been made good if Col. Streeter had not galloped around a bend on his black stallion and stopped by the side of the buggy.

The old war in the stand discussion had been in her work and the times favored them, for land they come in a neighboring plantation with the hour; and his promise would have been made good if Col. Streeter lad not galloped around a bend on his black stallion and stopped by the side of the buggy.

The lod ma a few of the larger places like Bainbridge,

loved around a bend on his black stallion and stopped by the side of the buggy.

"You are going the wrong way, Judge," he claimed. "You should have turned off at the last fork. But swing right around; we will reach my place yet in time for dinner." A few weeks earlier it might have been sur-

prising to be stopped by a stranger in a strange country with an invitation to dinner. But that had grown to be an old story. Evidently two Georgia planters are strangers. The Judge was two counties removed from his own residence, but every white man he met

to see Warr or Bob. I have lust come from his place, and I tell you it's worth seeding. It's on your way to l'oulen, too. You can show your friend plenty of improvements made with zapital, but old Bob has made his place out of grit and muscle, without a cent to spend. If you want to see what an old darky can do with our Georgia soil, there's your place."

"Warrior Bob?" the Judge asked: "I never heard of him. Is he an old solviner."

"No,he's an old nigger!" the Colonel laughed, "but a good one. It's lattle blace is a regular Garden of Eden. It's name is Bob Minton one of Col. Minton's old servants, you know, but they call him Warrior Bob, because he lives on Warrior Creek, to distinguish him from another Bob Minton who lives in Poulan. It's only about two miles from here, You cross the creek on the next bridge, then cross again at the ford, and keen on about half a mile till you come to a gate, 65 through there and cross the cotton field, then let down the bars and keep on till you ford the creek again, and follow the wagon track till you come to Bob's house. You can't miss it, Tell Bob I asked you to call on him and he'll be tickled to death."

There is no bester field of cotton ripening in

tickled to death,"

There is no better field of cotton ripening in all Georgia under this July sue than the field to whose edge the gate gave access. That is Judge Tillman's comion of it, and he is an authority on cotton. He estimated its area at between forty and fifty acres and the crop at about twenty-five bales. Near the middle of the field a young colored man was culti-vating with a mule.

of the field a young colored man was cultivating with a mule.

"Whose land is this, boy?" the Judge asked, when he was within speaking distance.

"Dis prop'ty besiong to my did, sah," was the answer: "Unc' liob Minton, sah," and he held in the mule for further conversation.

"And that corn lot?" the Judge asked, pointing beyond the fance, "is that his, too?" "Yes, sah; dat his, too."

"Yes, sah: dat his, too," "Well, some of you how are good farmers," the Judge admitted. "There are fine crops you have here. Will this track carry us to the house?"

"Yes, sah. I'll run ahead an' let down de bahs, sah, and you keep right on though decrick, ash, an' den follow de track tell you sees de house."

If the helds near the entrance were flourishing.

If the fields near the entrance were flourishing If the fields near the entrance were flourishing enough to attract the attention of an old Georgia planter, the orchards and gardens beyond the creek were sufficient to make any traveller stop to admire them. What the boy mode-tly called "the track" was at least a good road, and in front of a big chantation house it would be called an avenue. The sandy soil was covered with a thick conting of time needler and dry sugar cane, and overhead the branches of parallel rows of water oaks formed an arch of green. The feduces were well kept, and between the road and the fences the grass and weeds were neatly cut. This green bower was as long as three or four city blocks, with orchards of fruit trees on the one side and fields well as the contained on the contained of the contained of the contained on the contained of the contained were apple trees, teachers, pears, cherries, quinces, and many other sorts not recognizable in passing; and growing in the fields were more kinds of vegetables than one

considerable size, also built of logs, surrounded by many smaller buildings, such as the smoke house, the corn crib, and the tool house. Between the cabins and the barn stood a grove of China trees, of the "umbrella" variety, standing so close together that hardly a ray of light could penetrate the leafy roof made by their branches.

It was not the great trees nor the cabins nor the farm buildings, however, that first attracted the notice of the visitors. It was the swarm of snouting children at play under the China trees, as if just dismissed from school. There were boys and girls of all sizes and all shades, playing at games, lying on the grass, climbing in the trees, and having as good a time, apparently, as children could have. Trying to count them was of no avail; they sped in and out between daylight and dark shade, and as often as the count reached fifteen or twenty it was lost.

One of the larger boys took courage to approach the buggy to see what the white strangers wanted; and on being asked where Warrier Bob could be tound he pointed to the cabin that stood nearest the creek, and started for it on a rim to call the owner of the fields and orchards.

Five minutes later the old man and his two visitors were seated under the bis oak on the bank of the shady stream, and the gray-haired Robert Minton, who would hardly recognize

that stood nearest the creek, and started for it on a run to call the owner of the fields and orchards.

Five minutes later the old man and his two visitors were seated under the bie oak on the bank of the shady atream, and the gray-haired Robert Minton, who would hardly recognize any title but Warrior Bob, was answering a rapid fire of questions.

Those are not all your children, there under the trees? the Judge asked.

"Dey's all my gran-fallium, sah," the old man answered. "My deater Nomy [meaning Naomi] she married late Carter, an' she live in dis house next to me. Den two of my boys lives in de other two houses with dere familys, sah. Dey's both married, an' dat's how so many chillun comes to be here.

"How many are there?" he was asked; and then the old man dropped his serious air and showed that he had some humor under his whitening hair.

"Fore Gawd, mawster," he answered. "I sin't counted 'em since visifiday! Last time I heerd, Nomy she had nine, an' young Bob he had fo'teen—no, it was sixteen—an' Sam he had 'even. That makes—"and he began to count slowly on his tingers.

"Thirty-six," The Sivs man suggested.

"Dat's right!" he declared, stopping the count and taking the number on faith. "Thirty-six," The Sivs man suggested.

"Dat's right!" he doclared, stopping the count and taking the number on faith. "Thirty-six," The Sivs man suggested.

"Dat's right!" he doclared, stopping the count and taking the number on faith. "Thirty-six," the has bought and pain for, all planted in corn and cotton and fruits and vegetables, the old man was asked how he had hoppened to settle on the shore of Warrior Creek, and what had brought about his good fortune.

"I jest seed the place, sah," he replied, "an' the minute I seed it I made up my min' I was gwine to try an' own it an' live hyar. You are, thinge was onsettled in Georgy then, an' I coald go to one place as well as another. Maws Minton, he done be'n killed in de wah, an' do old place was all tore up, an' nowhar for de people to go. I was Maws Minton's gardener,

sence."

In plainer English, Uncle Bob was turned out of his situation as Col. Minton's shave by the war, and he and his then young wife drifted into Worth county in search of a livelihood. They saw this shady spot on the bank of Warrior Creek, and determined to own it is

Georgia. We want you to tell us about the fruit."

The old man's eye glistened as he began to talk on his favorite subject.

"Col. Minton he taught me a good many tlings," he said. "Don' you try to raise 'taters in stiff clay, Bob,' he uster tell me, 'ner cotton in white sand.' He done teach me bout sub-soils, too, an' when I seed dis soil I knowed it was good for froits and garden stuff. Dere's faller clay under all dis soile, sah; an' on top it's a gray saudy loam, as you can see. I knowed I cu'd make garden stuff grow here, an' fruit trees; an "You are right about the soil, Bob," the Judge interrupted. "but tell us about the fruits. Now, what kinds of trees have you raised?" "Well sah" paganswared. "if you wasn't

raised?"
"Well, rah," ne answered, "if you wasn't veah to see fer yourself, I'd hate to tell you

Judge was two counties removed from his own residence, but every white man he met greeted him like an old friend.

"Good morning, Colonel," he replied. "We have to pass you by this time, for Dr. Wilson is waiting for us in Poulan. How far is it to your piace?"

"Only nine miles from here." the Colonel urged. "We can make it in an hour with a little pushing, and I will come back to the Doctor's with you."

A little matter of nine miles out and wine miles back is of small consequence to a Georgia planter where hospitality and dinner are concerned, but the Judge remained firm.

"Well," said the Colonel, "after much urging," if you won't come out to my place, your way to You can show your friend plenty of improvements made with capital, but old Bob has made his place out of grit and muscle, without a cent to spend. If you want to see what an old darky can do with our Georgia soll, there's your place."

"Warrior Bob?" the Judge asked; "I nevor heard of him, is he an old soldier?" in earning over a ton of rout to they call him Warrior Bob danton one of Col. Minton's old servants, you know, but they call him Warrior Bob because he lives on Warrior Creek, to distinguish him ives on Warrior Creek, to distinguish him ives on Warrior Creek, to distinguish him ives on warrior greated and the care and it is a place of the colonel laughed. "but a good one. His little blace is a regular Garden of Eden. His name is Bob Minton one of Col. Minton's old servants, you know, but they call him Warrior Hob, because he lives on Warrior Greek, to distinguish him ives on Warrior Creek, to distinguish him ives on Warrior Bob.

the Judge asked.
"Dey does my ole heart good!" Warrior Bob

Most of these things you grow for pleasure?"
the Judge asked.
"Dey does my ole heart good!" Warrior Bob
replied.
"But what fruits do you raise to sell?"
"Grapes an' peaches, plums an' pears," was
the answer.
"And vegetables?"
"Yes, sah, we does ship some garden truck.
De cotion an' do cawn, de fruit an' de truck,
dey does fetch us in wat money we needs, an'
sometimes no'. We's very well content, sah, "
"Bub," the Judge exclaimed, laying his hand
on the old man's rhoulder, "you're a lucky
man. This piace shows what a colored man
can do down South when he wants to. There's
not a better keet place in Worth county, I'll
warrant. You have everything you need, and
more. You ought to be content."
"De good Lawd he be'n very kin' to me!"
the old man answered.
"You have been kind to yourself, too," said
the Judge, "and made a good home. We are
much obliged to you for showing us the best
farm owned by a colored man that I have ever
seen in Georgia."
Southern hospitality is not confined to the
big plantations. When the party returned to
the nouse they found a table spread under the
big tree, covered with a smowy cloth, and
loaded with fouls, among which an immense
watermelon, that had been anchored over night
in the crees to cool, made the grandest show.
The putting of the table out under the
tree was delicately done. The Georgia
planter, as the old man knew, might object to
man under the sun could object to eating beneath the beingeless of the grand old oak.
No more could any live man with a stometh
object to drinking the Suppermong wine that
one of the granddauxhters brought out in a big
demijohn.

The human crop was called up for inspection
while the Fujit was disappearing, and proved
quite as healtny and lucuring, and proved

The human crop was called up for inspection while the fruit was disappearing, and proved quite as healthy and incuriant as eaything growing in the fields. But the old man would not allow the three dozen to be tipped.
"They'see no need of money," he declared: "an' I wants 'em to learn that they must airn w'atover they has."

Chelandry's Produce Stakes.

London, July 18 .- At Sandown Park to-day the National Breeders' Produce Stakes (for the the orchards were apple trees, teaches, pears, cherries, quinces, and many other corts not recognizable in bassing; and growleg in the fields were more kinds of vegetables than one could readily recken on the moment.

Ashort turn in the road brought into view a collection of four leg cabling, all solidly built and plastered in the chinks; not standing in a row, but scattered atout as the lug live mass grew, each cablu under one of the tunnense, trees, that were evidently far other than the huildings. The bending tree formed the background to this shady scene, and between the road and the creek the ground was smooth and green with Bermuda grass. Further along the bank of the stream was a barn of produce of mares covered in 1893) of 5,000 sov-

NO ONE WANTS THE LEPERS. The Louisiana Home Likely to Be Aba

NEW ORLEANS, July 16.- The resignation last resk of Drs. Dyer and Scherck, physicians of the Louisiana Lepers' Home, has not only seriously interfered with the success of that in-stitution, but has brought to an end a number of interesting experiments which promised to solve the problem of leprosy in America. leper home of Louisiana has met with ex-treme bad luck during the last few weeks, and the movement to get rid of leprosy in Louisiana has been checked in consequence. The Legislature, just adjourned, refused to pur-chase the plantation used for the leger hospital and thus make it permanent, and now Drs. Dyer and Scherck, among the most distinguished dermatologists in the country, and whose ability is recognized throughout the world, have re signed from the Board of Managers because of dissatisfaction with the financial management of the institution on the very eve of their experiments which would have determined newly discovered treatment for that disease,

whether the American leprosy will yield to the A large majority of the lepers in the United States fare, as THE SUN has already noted, loeated in Louisiana. An effort has been made for some years to stamp out the disease, which has prevailed here for over a century and has been handed down from generation to generation, by the establishment of a home where the sick could be isolated. The idea of curing the lepers was not entertained at the time, because it was not believed that the disease was curable; but it was thought that isolation would reduce the dangers of infection and help to let the malady die out with those now affected with it,

Two years ago the Legislature made an ap-propriation which rendered this possible, and the leper home seemed assured, but it has met since then with all manner of objections, and seems at the present moment to be in very bad luck. Of course no place wanted the lepers. New Orleans was first selected because of its central position, but the opposition was so strong that it was feared that the home would be de stroyed even if built in the swamps. A system of secrecy was then adopted, the Jordan Cam; plantation in a secluded portion of Iberville parish being secured, and nothing made known of it until the lepers moved there. There was not enough money given by the State to pur chase the property outright, but the place was leased for five years, with the option reserved to the State to purchase it within that time.

The question was fought out in the Legis lature a few days ago, and the lepers were defeated. The members from Iberville protested bitterly against this stigms placed on their

feated. The members from Iberville protested bitterly against this stigma placed on their parish, which they declared would injure every class of property. The protest was so strong, vigorous, and unanimous, that it prevailed, and the money was refused for the purchase of the Jordan Camp plantation. When the lease runs out, a little over two years hence, the lepers will have to move, and they will find no place to which they can move unless they go to some of the uninhabited islands off the Louisiana coast—nobody wants the hospital near him.

This is more to be regretted, as the home had proved a complete success, and was rapidly collecting all the lepers, who found it far more comfortable than hiding or skulking in the swamp back of liayon Lafourche, as most of them are compelled to do, and there seemed to be every reason for believing that the disease would yield to treatment. As a matter of fact, while there have been no cures reported from Indian Camp, the report of the directors showing that for the past year, under the betty treatment, particularly the medical treatment received by the lepers—most of them had not dared to let their disease be known, or to sven wist a doctor, lest the secret might leak out—a majority of them had improved. All the various remedies reported had been tried, for the purpose of testing and comparing them.

Dr. Dyer, who is an alivanced dermatologist, has carefully studied all the recently reported cures, and proposed to have a most thorough, complete, and scientific test of them on the Louisiana lepers. He places no confidence in the cure for leprosy proposed to fix then had seen the various remedies, and scientific test of them on the Louisiana lepers. He places no confidence in the cure for leprosy proposed by the which his claims and his own exteriment have neither deserved nor justified. The medical journals have as yet been slient regarding Dr. Bouffe's experiment, and this is rather good evidence of its unimportance."

Dr. Dyer declares that the Corasquaulia treatment, th

Dr. Dyer declares that the Corasquaulla treat-Dr. Dyer declares that the Corasquaulla treatment, like nearly all the other cuess of leprosy discovered, while it may be successful in certain cases, fails completely in others. He is inclined to believe that some good results might be ebtained from the treatment of Caimette and Frazer by the use of anti-venous inoculation for the prevention of snake poison, and some time ago entered into correspondence with Prof. Frazer of Edinburgh University, with a view of obtaining some of his "anti-vene," to be used in experimenting with the Louistana lepers. Dr. Frazer promised to supply some as soon as his laboratory product was sufficient to allow him to do so.

Unfortunately Dr. Dyer's resignation from the Leper Board will prevent this experiment from being made by himself, and under auspicious cirbeing made by himself, and under auspicious cir-cumstances, as it otherwise would be, although he has promised to turn over the "anti-vene," when it arrives, to the Leper Home, and allow others to make the experiments with it. He recognizes that it is an experiment, and he proposes not only to try that experiment but to use the serum, discovered by Dr. Kitasato, the great Japanese specialist, which has the approval and backing of the Japanese

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WASN'T LOOKING FOR BILL

THE REAR RUN CITIZEN'S WARN-ING TO AVOID BILL MARTIN.

Mr. Martin Had Had Certain Troubles

and Was Watting with a Londed Gun for the Pirst Stranger With Besigns on Him to Come Into Bear Run Corners. As you drive from Geeville, in the Hemock Belt, to the bead of the old Passadanky, you pass through the settlement called Bear Run Corners. It isn't much of a settlement in these days, but it has some interesting citi-I was travelling through there one nice day in the fall, and just at the lower edge of a side-hill farm I heard some one shouting for me to stop. I looked round and saw a man tearing down the hill, a hundred yards away, swinging his hat and yelling at the top of his lungs-and the top of a pair of Hemlock Belt

lungs is a good way up.

I pulled up my horse and waited to see what was amiss with the man or his house or his family. He soon got to the bottom of the h'll and to the sprawling stump fence that mercifully prevented any stray cattle from breaking in on the sparse acreage behind it. He stuck a hald head and a bushy crop of yellow whiskers through an opening in the fence, and, panting for half a minute to get his breath, exclaimed:

"Judas preachin', Cap'n! Don't go see him to-day !" All I could do was to stare at the man. "He's loaded!" he went on, after another spell of breathing hard. "He's loaded clean

up to the muzzle! An' he'll shoot! You bet your bark pile he'll shoot! An' when he shoots sumpin' aiways drops! Take my advice, Cap'n, an' don't go see him!" This was getting interesting now, and I

sought more definite information. "Don't go see htm?" said I. "Who is him?" "Who is him?" ejaculated the Bear Run farmer, looking astonished. "Who is him?

Why, Bill, o' coursel"
"Bill?" said I, "Bill who?" "Bill who?" and the men looked still more astonished. "Julias preachin'! Bill Martin, o' course! Who else could it be? Tha' ain't nobody ever comes into Bear Run Corners cept they come to see Bill Martin! But they ben comin' a leetle too strong on Bill lately. Week afore last a feller come in here to see Bill, an' summonsed him to go to the county seat an' show reasons why he hadn't paid Sol Harlow for the bar'l o' pork he got o' Sol a year ago last bark-peelin'. Then along comes another feller to see Bill, and what do you s'pose he wanted? Jest wanted Bill's cow

spose he wanted? Jest wanted Bill's cow to sell on a jedgment Al Spooner got ag'in him for a couple o' coon dogs Bill had bought of Al an' run shy o' nayin' fer.

"Bill is natur'ly a little riley, an' these here visits begun to rile him up more yit. Only totherday a constable from Passadanky took a jaunt up here, natur'ly to see Bill Martin. He had a warrant for Bill. Seems Bill had ben down to the Passadanky tavern and got to arguin' Pete Dyer on the best way o' skinnin' a b'ar, an' durin' the arcument Bill must a ben tryin' to show Pete how he skun 'em, for they said that when it was over they couldn't tell tryin' to show Pete how he skun 'em, for they said that when it was over they couldn't tell whether 'ete was actuly 'ete or jist a well-skun b'ar. So Pete got a warrant for Bill, an' Bill had to go an' see what 'Squire Pepperage thought about it. 'Cordin' to the way the 'Squire looked at the argument, he thought that Bill had got about \$10 the best o' l'ete ou it, an' he sentenced Bill to pay that much, an' Bill had to seil his best dog to git it.

"'Course, this sot Bill to pay that much, an' Bill had to seil his best dog to git it.

"'Course, this sot Bill to humpin', an' he hadn't got through yet a changin' the color o' natur' up round his place to a sulphur-smellin' blue, when another chap from the county seat drops along to see Bill. This feller was the editor o' the county paper, an' he called to see Bill to collect three dollars an' a quarter that had ben standin' on the books ag'in Bill for three or four years back, an' that had slipped his mind somehow. I didn't see the editor of the when he started home from Bill's, but from the natur of his remarks in last week's paper about his trip to Bear Run Corners I gether it that sumpin' must a happened up to Bill's that Jolted his liver consider' ble. So Bill loaded his gun. Loaded it to the muzzle.

"Next man, says he, 'that puts his nose this side o' my line fence,' says ne, 'will be worth \$10 to the Coroner' says he.

"An' Bill has been settin' on top of his cow shed ever since, viewin' the han'scape o'er, with his gun cocked an' his flugar on the tricker, waitin' for the next man that comes to see him. I'm consarred glad I seen you, Cap'n, so's to give you warnin', an'! Leil yon az'in, don't go see him: Unless you're lectioneerin', an' k'in mange to get your jug out so's Bill kin see it 'fore he shoots! Totherways, Cap'n, and that when it was over they couldn't tell

an' kin manage to get your jug out so's Bill kin see it 'fore he shoots! Totherways, Cap'n, don't go to see him'". see it 'fore he shoots' Totherways, Cap'n, don't go to see him!'
I had difficulty in convincing this effusive Bear Run citizen that I didn't know Bill Martin, and hadn't the sightest inten ion of going to see him that day or any other day. He didn't seem to be able to understand how any

didn't seem to be able to understand how any stranger could come into that settlement without designs on Bill Martin.

"This is sumple that il make talk in the dees tric for a month!" said he "An'it's goin' to put me to considerable trouble an'exp. nse, too. lill won't never believe it when I tell him, till I take my enconditional affidavit to it, an 'Pil have to go all the way down to 'Squire Peperage's to do it, an' it'll cost me two shillin for the affidavit, an' two shillin' to treat the Squire! Who be you 'lectioneerin' for, Cap'n'."

when it arrives, to the begin Home, and allow the recognizes that it is an experiment, and he process not only to try that experiment. He recognizes that it is an experiment, and he process not only to try that experiment. He recognizes that it is an experiment. The Kitasato studied even years as the process of the control of the cont

ED MOTT.

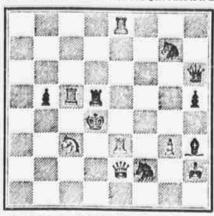
Scotland's Riffemen Win the National Trophy at Bisley.

LOSDON, July 18.—At the meeting of the National Rifle Association at Bisley to-day the National trophy was won by Scotland. In the contest for the Prince of Wales's prize, of the aggregate value of £300, ten shots each at the 200 and 600 yard ranges, seventeen Ca-nadians were entered. The result at the 200-yard range was as follows:
Hayburst, 18, Weller, 40, Hoggins, 45, Harp, 45, Machemath, 44; Lieut, Mitchell, 41, Campbell, 43; Le-Yers, 44, Ogg, 42, Hoss, 42, Mitchell, 41, Bent, 41; Grave, 43.

Johnson Rides a Fast Mile on His Wheel at Catford. London, July 18.—At Catford to-day the American bicyclist, John S. Johnson, rode a mile in 1:44 1-5. He was paced by tandems. OUR CRESS CORNER.

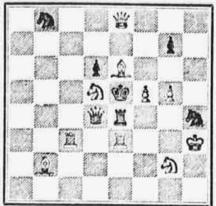
PROBLEM NO. 451-BY KONRAD BAYER, OLMUTE, PRABO PLAS RE-Q88 IA PRAS P-Q8 IA PAS AS RE-R8 10 PAS AS RE-R8 10 PAS AS B-RE 10 PAS AS B-RE 10 PAS AS B-RE 10 PAS AS B-RE 10 PAS P-K 88 B-RE 10 PAS P-K 10 PAS AUSTRIA. BLACK-NINE PIECES

E on Q S; Q on E R S; Rs on O R 4 and O 4; Kts or KB7 and KKt B; Bon KR6; Paon QKt4 and KR4.



K on K R 2; Q on K 2; Rs on R 3 and K 5; Et on Q B P on K Kt 8. WHITE-SIX PIECES. White to play and mate in three moves. PROBLEM NO. 452-BY DRAKON RABEY, OLMŪTZ,

AUSTRIA. BLACK - SEVEN PIECES. Kon K 4: Qon Q5: Ron K 5; Kts on QKt and K R 5: Ps on Q3 and K Kt 2.



Mexican. The other players assumed the characters of fat Dutchmen, clowns, and a few Kon K R B; Qon K S; Raon Q B B and K S; Kts on K 7 and K Kt 2; Hs on Q Kt 2 and K S; Ps on K B 5 and K Kt 5. were clothed to represent Uncle Sam.

President Sam Crane of the Atlantic League. WHITE-TEN PIECES.

White to play and mate in two moves

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO. -B5, K-Kt6; 2, Q-B2ch, K-B5; 3, P-Kt8ma -B5, K-Kt6; 2, Q-B2ch, K-B7; 3, Q-B4ma -B5, P-Q8; 2, K-B2, PxQ 3, P-Kt3, mate, -B5, P-Q3; 2, K-B2, 8x Kt; 3, Q-K3, mate, -B5, P-Q3; 2, K-B2, 8x Q; 3, P-K43, mate, -B5, P-Q3; 2, K-B2, 8x Q; 3, P-K43, mate, -B6, 8x Q; 4, K-B2, 8x Q; 5, P-K43, mate,

Correct solutions received from Fred Carter, Bost Correct solutions received from Fred Carter, Boato Yest Another, New York, Onc. More More New York, R. W. Wright, Brooklyn, A. Quitrow, New York, R. W. W. Mann, New York, R. W. W. Mann, New York, P. M. Wardmann, Brooklyn, S. Bernstein, S. W. Wardmann, Brooklyn, S. Denn Meitrath, New York, Pretty, New York, Take, In. Brooklyn, Grover's Lift, Danbury, Conn., Dr. A. Brooklyn, Grover's Lift, Danbury, Conn., Dr. A. Baldwin, Norwalk, Conn., Junior, New York, H. Barry, South Boston, Mass., S. R. Morgan, Midd town, N. Y. Charles A. Will, Brook yn, Idwin Baldwin, Passaic, N. J. Wilfrid F. Marrin, New York Athert Lorenson, New Britain, Conn., John P. Petson, New Britain, Conn., J to deep left field for a home run.

An easy victory was expected by the New

SOLUTION TO PROBLEM NO 1. Q-R 8. Q x Q. 2. B-Kt 5 mate. 1. Q-R 8. Q-Kt 2: 2. Q-R 8 mate. 1. Q-R 8. Q-K: 2. Q x Kt mate. 1. Q-R 8. Kt (R 2) moves; 2. Q-R mate. 1. Q-R 8. Kt (B 5) moves; 2. Q-K 5 (x Kt) mate.

1. Q. R.S. Rt (B.5) moves; 2. Q. R. S (K Rt) mate,
Correct solutions received from Fred Carter, Roston;
Tet Another, New York: Once Mays, New York: Fred
Engel, Brookin; A. Quitzow, New York; R. W. Wiymadd, New York; May Win, Hrookin; Threadors,
Huyler, Brookin; A. M. Wardmann, Brookin; R. Stephen McGrath, New York; Pretty, New York; Care Me,
Buyler, Brookin; Just in Time, New York; Take Me,
B. Brookin; Grover's Lil, Dambury, Conn; Dr. A. H.
Baidwin, Norwaik, Conn; S. R. Morgan, Middletown,
N. Y.; Junior, New York; H. W. Barry, South Boston,
N. Y.; Junior, New York; H. W. Barry, South Boston,
Mass; Edward Metzger, New York; Sirrah, New
York; Charles A. Wil, Prookiyn; Wifrid F. Marrin,
New York; Edwin H. Baidwin, Passaic, N. J.; Albert
Lorenson, New Britain, Conn.; John A. Johnson, New
Britain, Conn.; John P. Peterson, New Britain, Conn.;
J. B. Howard, Benson, Conn.
Wiffid E. Marrin, New York, forwarded additional
correct solutions to Nos. 447 and 448, and F. Warwiek,
Red Rock, Minn., one to No. 448.

CORRESPONDENCE

nie.
A Bostonian.—It would be difficult to give you the rasons why a great international tournament is not eing arranged for annually in this country. The Wa ker. New York. There are two solutions who halled from Berlin, were on a visit to the Dutch International, Brooklyn.—The chances are that the players will draw to-day, in which case the p tring will be put lished in Timers to to morrow. Yes you are quiteright, the entries for the Naren-terg tournament did close on July 1, but no committee ever-refused the entry of a strong player at the last minute. As regards your second query, it is sufficient to say that Nuremberg is the capital of Bavaria, one of the confederate Slates of Germany. It is chiefly noted for the manufacture of German wooden clocks and toys, which are experted to all parts of the globe.

N. O. Beechet, New York.—Degin with the study of the Gineco Plane for white and the French Defence for idags.

William Rec., 404 Franklin avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. would like to play a few names by correspondence with someother reader of The SCS.

CHESS IN AUSTRALIA.

The Melbourne Times gives the following interesting game, as played between the two leading chess play ers of Australia in a tourney for the championship of

QUEEN'S GAMBIT DECLINED.

NOTES. (a) An excellent move,
(b) Black has virtually gained a move by this ex-(c). White's doubled pawns give black the better eition.

3) A sad blunder, as it throws away his advantage
tht off, besides being a pawn as well. Re—Q 2 inall would have given black a splendid game.

b) White rarely allows a chance like this to escape. (e) White rarely ahows a combon to the valuable pawn, if: Well played, as it secures this valuable pawn, which does yournal service in the end (g) a powerful move, as it commands the only open file and gives white the scope to commence a vigoration.

ins attack.

(ii) Meeping up the irritation most effectually.

(i) The least reply.

(j) The turning point of the game, as there is no latisfactory reply to this very fine move.

(k) A masterly move.

(ii) Forced, as mate is threatened.

(m) The ending has been played by white in high-

AN END GAME STUDY. Here is a fine end game study by the famous Rus-sian expert, Troitzky: BY M. TROITZEY.

PLACE-BIX PIECES.

An

WHITE-REVEN PHOES. White to play and win. SOLUTION.

1. P-QBB QxKBP; 2. P-KKt 3. Q moves, and o matter where she goes is lost next move. A TARRASCH BRILLIANCY The following brilliant game was recently played by

DOOM OF THE WHITE PINE. Dr. Tarrasch against Etirschner in the Unremberg RUY LOPEE.

RUERSCHNEN,

POSITION AFTER BLACK'S 25TH MOVE.

BLACK-THIRTEEN PIECES.

à

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WHITE-TWELVE PIECES.

Kt x Kt P 82 Kt - Q 4
Kt - H 3 83 Q - K 2
P - Kt 5 34 Il x P
P - Kt 6 35 Q x Kt
Kt x K P 86 K - Kt
K - K 2 87 Hesigns

Game at Eastern Park.

intention to give an exhibition as to how the game should not be played. On the whole the

playing was first class. The New York men wore white uniforms, while their opponents

had on fancy costumes. Jack Chapman, the

well-known baseball manager, was dressed as a

who held down second base for the Detroits and

Metropolitans some years ago, gave an exhibi-

tion at third base that caused all the other play-

ers to open their eyes with wonder. Eleven chances were offered to him, and, barring a fumble of a hot grounder, he had a clean record. John Ward did not arrive at the ground until a few minutes before the time scheduled to begin

the game. He were the uniform of the New

Yorks of 1894. Ward played second base for

were not to Ward's liking in the early innings. but he sized them up later on and drove a ball

York men, but with the exception of the last

two innings the Brookin players gave lots of trouble to their opponents. A delegation of Tenderion "rooters" were in evidence. They came to the grounds on a tally-ho, and didn't let a chance slip to blow tin horns. The Brook-lyns expect to get revenge in the return game next Thursday. The teams were:

next Thursday. The teams were:

New York Lodge-Campbell, pitcher: McFarland,
catcuer, Hart, trast taxe: Ward, second base and short
stop, Crane, third base; Weicher, short stop and
second base; Bryan, left filld: Vidocq, centre field;
Lvans and O Brien, right field.
Lvans and O Brien, right field.
Brook, 70, Lodge-Porter, pitcher, second base, and
centre field; Harnie, catcher; heynolds, first base;
Brophy, second taxe, pitcher, and third base; Coison,
third same and pitcher; Bowle, short stop; Gray, left
field; Connoily, centre field and second base; Unapman, right field.

The score by Indiana follows.

New Players for the New York Club.

ner of the Grand Prix.

nual games at Sulzer's Harlem River Park yesterday

American tracks.

The score by innings follows:

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EI.

OUR FORESTS RAPIDLY BEING DE-NUDED OF THE NORLE WOOD.

Michigan and Wisconsin Practically Stripped Alrendy, and Even the Vast Re-sources of Minneacta Cannot Long Withstand the Enormous Annual Brain, MINNEAPOLIS, July 15.-The days of the white pine forests in Minnesota are numbered, and, as this State is the last of the great cen tral Northwestern States in which white plus grows, the day of its extinction here marks the end of white pine as a factor in the trade of the country. There is no other tree so valua the country. There is no outer to thing has ble for general building purposes; nothing has been found to take its place. The yellow pine of the South, the fir, colar, or redwood of the far West, the spruce of Maine, and other woods are being gradually introduced to take the place of white pine, but none is equal to it in the ease with which it adapts itself to the tool

of the workman, to the shapes forced on it by the woodworking muchine, or in strength, lightness, and beauty. The white pine is the king of woods, and has been and still is the chief factor in wood building operations all over the country. It has been used as if the lumbermen believed its supply to be absolutely inexhaustible, and that they could leave to their children no dearth of this most important wood.

Estimates just compiled by the State Forest Varden of Minnesota, an office created by the last Legislature because of the opinion that the rich forests were being too rapidly depleted, show that there are in Minnesota 10,800,000 acres of forest land, and that on this there stand, in addition to other woods 19,000,000,-000 feet of live white and Norway pine and spruce, of which the white pine aggregates OLD TIMERS ON THE DIAMOND. 14,500,000,000 feet. This is a vast total, but it They Perform Well, Too, in the Elke' is being cut down at the rate of about 1,200,. 000,000 feet a year, besides fearful losses by Members of the New York and Brooklyn fires, and the supply will hardly last more odges of the Elks had plenty of fun at Eastern than a dozen years. It would not last see long Park resterday afternoon. If the 500 persons who witnessed the baseball game between the as this were it not for the fact that the fireswept pine can be aved by cutting when it is two teams expected to see a comedy of errors they were disappointed, as the players had no so located that it can be reached by railroads

or water in time to save it from the attacks

worms. There is, too, a constant growth

of the green timber, estimated at not far from It's per cent. a year, which will have some effeet in warding off the final axe cuts. But in from ten to fifteen years the last white pine forests in the United States will have disappeared, for pine does not succeed as second growth timber, or at least has not done so with all the experiments carried on in the old pineries of Michigan and other States.

Michigan is now nearly denuded. Its mills Michigan is now nearly denuded. Its mills have gradually been burned or torn down, or are cutting on timeer imported from the handlan shares of the Georgian Bay. In Windensin, where the desiruction of the for restablegan at all earlier day than in Minnesota, the end is approaching, and will come long before the date set for the North Star State.

Of course the houres given by the State Warden in this, his first report, are only estimates. I'ut they are as reliable as it is possible to take them, and are the combined result of the measures of experienced estimators for timber buyers, of the consultations of experis who have travelled and cruised through the forests for a lifetime, and of the personal knowledge of the foremost men in the pine trade. It may be that a mistake has been made, and that the total should be larger than reported, but that is not likely, and the figures are probably to stand until the forests have actually occur ut down and the amounts taken from them are accurately known. This is, of course, the only way possible to prove just what these 11,000,000 acres of land contain.

The pine area of Minnesota is almost wholly in the counties of ct. Louis, the largest of them all: Lake, Cook, Ita ca, Ca & Beltrami, and Carlton, and a few others to the south of them, which cut but little figure in the totals. The forest region is 3:0 miles east and west, and its greatest breablt is about 200 miles. Its outlines are very irregular, and in this limit are contained all the woods found in the have gradually been burned or torn down, or seven innings, but as nothing came to him he went to short. The dew drops of Pitcher Brophy

The forest region is 3:10 miles east and west, and its greatest breadth is about 2:00 miles. Its outlines are very irregular, and in this limit are contained all the woods found in the State. These include, besides the pine, some 4,500,000,000 feet of the hard woods ommon to New England, with the exception of hemlock and beech, no specimens of which are to be found in the State.

The sawmills of Minneapolis and Duluth each cut about 500,000,000 feet a year, runeing during the sammer and fall. The Minneapolis cut all comes from the forests about the head of the Mississippi River, and in a few years will convert the headwaters of that stream to a jouring gully or an almost dried chasm. The cut of the Duluth mills comes from the shores of Lake Superior, and is about half supplied from Wisconsin. The effect of the cut about the great lake is already seen in its constant lowering, in the conversion of its mountain streams to torrents during the wet season and mere fishways in the dry, and in the prevalence of fires for months in the year. Mills at other points in the State, west of the vast Red Lake reservation, and on the lower Missishpri River, saw the remainder of the annual cut. This cut is growing year by year, and was never so large as in 1895. Uniber that in the old days was thought far beyond the possibility of reach is now being taken out by thousands of feet daily, by the logging steam roads that have superseded the water courses as indispensable adjuncts of forest destruction. These roads now reach the furthest points in the forests, and are built at little more expense than was formerly put on the hauling roads over which the loss were QUINCY, July 18 .- George Ulrich, short stop of the disbanded Quincy Club, has signed with New York, which club is also after Pitcher Reidy and Outfielder McFarland. All three Reidy and Outhelder McFarland. All three are good men. Pitcher Lathrop, who was Quincy's star pitcher, is wanted by Washington, but terms have not yet been agreed on. O'Connell, second baseman, is wanted by Cedar Rapids and Portland. McRichter, outhelder, is also wanted by Portland and Columbus. O. Catcher Quinn has received an offer from Bushnell, but has not yet accepted it. Wants to Match Johnson Against the Wincourses as indispensable adjuncts of forest destruction. These roads now reach the furthest points in the forests, and are built at little more expense than was formerly put on the hauling roads over which the logs were pulled by horse to the lending places on the stres ma which loated them to the mills.

There are vast forests of pine whose extent is unknown and whose existence is aimost unbelieved in the far away regions of northern Canada. The forests of Labrado, are becoming known by reason of recent explorations there, but those to the east of Hudson Bay are merely hinted at by the hardy explorers who have benefits and running from the northeasterly end of Lake Superior to the south of Hudson Hay are as great forests as have ever delighted the eye of the woodsman. These were discovered a few years ago by railway surveyors and explorers from this city and Duluth who were looking for a possible line to the bay and to Europe. Immense stretches of country in western Ontario and Manitoba have been richly timbered, but in the last two years forest fires have run there so destructively as to ruln millions of acres of wooded lands.

Stil further to the west, in the route to the Macken de River and on the east side of the northern Rockies, there are forests stretching for a thousand miles. In all of these vast woods the sound of the axe has never been heard, and some time after the place of the northern Rockies, there are forests stretching for a thousand miles. In all of these vast woods the sound if the axe has never been heard, and some time after the place of the northern Rockies, there are forests stretching for a thousand miles in the roads as will permit men to get in and the logs to get out, these will be the pincries of the continent. But they are far away, and in a country which will take millions of money for railroads before it can be opened up for traffic, and the pinc is not of such a quality as that forests of the three centinent, and the roads as will permit men to get in and the logs to get out, th LONDON, July 18 .- Tom Eck, who trains John S. Johnson, the American cycle flyer, says he has offered to match Johnson for 1,000 francs against the winner of the Grand Priz de France, ridden on Sunday last. Johnson will attend the meet of the League of American Wheelmen at ridden on Sunnay issue.

meet of the League of American Wheelmen at Louisville, Ky., on Aug. 18 with the world triplet, the Jellue brothers and Bonnet. Johnson and Eck think the Catford track is the fastest they ever saw, and that the English tracks are all fast, very safe, and compare well with the Pinmbers and Gas Fitters on the Cinder The Amalgamated Society of Journeymen Plumbers and Gas Pitters of this city held their thirty-first auafternoon. There were fully bod people present. The different branches of the Y. M. C. A. were well repre-sented, and their athletes upheld the colors of the

saferenon. There were fully 500 poople present at sufferent branches of the N. M. C. A. were will represented, and their attietes upheld the colors of the sacciation in noble style. Summary:

One-hundred-hard Danh, Handidan Chen-First beat on the color of the sacciation in noble style. Summary:

One-hundred-hard Danh, Handidan Chen-First beat of the hundred-hard hundred-hard summary and hundred-hard hundred-ha Shooting March for Members -C. B. Abergrombe, 40, J. W. Hammin, 25, R. A. Higgins, 13, M. S. Newsand, 27, Charles Worz, 25, Daniel Scholl, 41, C. Hossell, 27, Charles Worz, 25, Daniel Scholl, 41, Charles, 31, John A. Lee, 31, B. J. Curry, 15, F. Wallage, 33, W. Ward, 5, James Carraber, 5, William M. Masus, 30, Sooting Match, for Nupply Traile Won by George D. Scott, 5r. M. rtin Vall second, Booting Match, for Master Plumbers (only one on Bry)—Won by Alexander Bryank.